he has to say," I heard Chairman Corrigan conclude.

Throughout the hall echoed a scattered, diffident applause, as though the delegates were at a loss how to receive me. I spoke to Langstak, who placed me half standing, half sitting, on the edge of the speaker's table, while he supported me from behind.

Orrin stepped to the front of the platform. "Gentlemen, may I ask you all to come as near as possible? Mr. Craig's voice is very weak, and as he has risked his life to talk to you today naturally neither you nor he want the effort to be wasted."

Instantly, with almost funereal quiet, the delegates moved forward, ranging closely about the platform.

No record of that speech exists; but the memory of the uncanny situation will never be dim in my mind. Most of the thoughts I expressed were lost to me even as they were uttered. I knew that I was saying what I came to tell, because almost from the first sentence I was listening to myself talk, and approving the clarity of my ideas and expression. I seemed to be sitting back at my ease, while another self, uncontrolled and perfectly informed, delivered the message for me.

After a time the fever began to play its old trick: the intent faces and riveted eyes of my audience faded quickly away, leaving me in darkness. Once my memory failed me on some statistical point, and I hesitated. I heard someone move toward me. Afterward I knew it was Corrigan, tendering me a booklet containing the figures I needed. I heard Langstak's heavy whisper as he waved Corrigan back, "He can't see you. He's blind now," and the chairman's amazed, awestruck "Mither av God!" as he backed slowly away. A hum, deep and surcharged with sympathy, ran through the hall. I realized the cause, and grasped the psychological moment to close my speech.

"That's all, Boys," I said. "I'm about all in. I'm not asking you to help me, but yourselves, just as I've played this game, not for you, but myself. It's my monument, the best thing I have ever done, if you let it stand."

There wasn't a sound as I motioned Langstak to put me back in the chair. Then came Corrigan's voice, pitched low, recognizing McDavitt.

McDavitt mounted the platform. "Gentlemen of the council," he said, "we can act on Mr. Craig's matter only in executive session, which will be convened immediately. Before he leaves I should like to propose a vote thanking him for coming before us."

It was instantly seconded by a score of voices, and unanimously carried.

"I'd loike to shake hands wid him," called out someone in the hall.

"I think we should all like to," replied McDavitt with a laugh. "If it is the sense of this council, I will ask Chairman Corrigan to shake hands with Mr. Craig, as expressing our admiration for a game man."

The dramatic appeal is too strong in an Irishman's warm heart to let a chance like that go by, and Corrigan was so instructed. His great hand closed gently about mine. "Don't worry about your monumint," was all he said.

At six o'clock, as I lay among the cushions of a cozy inglenook in the sitting room of Orrin's home, he burst in, his face beaming. "They've approved it, Mr. Craig!" he shouted. "Unanimously, on the first ballot! Acme goes through!"

IT was over! All the mental torture, physical pain, and ceaseless, nerve-racking suspense of the last six months had come suddenly to an end. My name and my firm were safe from impending disgrace, and my judgment justified in the commercial world, where for months it had been branded the wild vagary of a stricken man. Swift as the transition was, it brought no emotion of surprise. Never for a moment had I entertained a thought of failure. But the sense of relief, the relaxing of worn, raw nerves, as I lay quietly among the cushions in the silent room, was a rarely pleasant feeling to a tired man.

A little later Langstak brought my milk, and took my temperature. It lacked a tenth of one hundred and three.

"You feel a' right?" he asked a trifle anxiously. "You ban purty warm."

"Never felt better or happier, old man. But I want to rest. Don't let anyone bother me, John."

I turned my back to him. Silently adjusting my pillows, Langstak left the room.

The windows where I lay gave on a beautiful little valley, the low, gentle range of hills, gorgeous in their autumn pageantry and riot of deep, rich colors, rising from the green and brown fields below. The last rays of the sun bathed all the world in a liquid, marvelous light, and its warm, bright shafts seemed to pass through my body, bringing a comfort and peace I had never known. It was peace—utter, absolute, perfect peace. And came then the thought that I had truly earned the right to die. My task was done: others could now carry on the work. Ahead lay only a repetition of the days, weeks, perhaps months, of ceaseless pain, with death inevitable at the end. None would suffer: at least not more now than later. With a sigh of content that the right was so logically mine, I took a long last look over the valley below, now mystic in the twilight haze, smiled, and closed my eyes.

AND now memory images a picture I cannot paint,—an ecstasy beyond my pen or tongue to describe. Time and again I have tried to depict the sensation, but in vain. The words at my command are too weak, too inadequate. I seemed suddenly immersed in living flames; a fire so indescribably glorious, its caress so miraculously sweet, that as my body shriveled to ashes in the wondrous heat I knew that for me at least the most exquisite minute of life was the moment of death.

At ten o'clock that night the persistent efforts and skill of Dr. Cottle and two local physicians restored me to consciousness. Rebellion was my first coherent thought; but I was too weak for protest. The next day I had my grip back on myself and life, and took up my burden again; but not without regret that the most wonderful moment of my life had passed.

On January 10 I released the five thousand dollars I had placed in the City National Bank, making it subject to Dr. Cottle's order. The Acme S. & S. was now in complete and successful operation. By mutual consent Carroll and I closed the doors of Norris, Carroll & Craig, our personal fortunes retrieved and augmented by the success of my invasion into the plumbers' realm.

"Well, Doctor, you have won your wager, and to your cranky care and wonderful elixir I probably owe the fact that I am alive, and I hope you make millions out of it," I said to Cottle in bidding him goodby a few days later.

"Humph! There's some doubt in my mind," he responded, ignoring my good wishes. "I've earned the money, and the solution has had a six months' test; but it is not an altogether satisfactory one." There was irritation and disappointment in his voice.

I was genuinely surprised. "Why, I don't understand you. It has at least held me where I was when you began the treatment, and that's all you claimed for it. I can't see why you are disappointed. I certainly am not."

"Mr. Craig," he replied with serious emphasis, "you have no earthly right to be alive today. If I can conscientiously do so, I shall claim partial credit for it; but my opinion, based on the constant study of an amazing case during the last six months, is best expressed by saying that you have been goading a one horsepower body with a forty horsepower will. Don't deceive yourself, though. You can't keep it up. Your great incentive is gone now, and you are practically certain to die within a short period."

"That's something I haven't the slightest intention of doing, Doctor," I laughed. "The only time I really wanted to die you wouldn't let me. Now I'm going to live!"

FOR ten years since then I have lived, gaining constantly in health and strength. I have led an active life, always busy with constructive work of some sort. There were many slipbacks, usually from overwork; but as my strength and weight increased these became less frequent.

It has been four years now since I have had a single day of illness even remotely traceable to intestinal or any other sort of tuberculosis. I weigh over one hundred and forty pounds, live where I please, eat, drink, and smoke what I like, and get more real joy out of life than I ever did before I learned that *the man wins who won't give up.*

Not for one instant would I recommend to any sick man or woman the reckless fight I made. I had what is popularly known as an "iron constitution," hardened and strengthened by a life in the open; and I possessed the temperament to back it up. The advice of a specialist is almost invariably correct, and the man who goes counter to it usually suffers the penalty of his foolhardiness. On the other hand, there are tens of thousands of men and women who when illness comes lose their interest in life and work, when the exercise of their will would aid the physician to restore them to health far more speedily than the supine acceptance of invalidism as their portion, and leaving it all to fate and the doctor.

Thousands, many thousands, more are in their graves today simply because they would not say "I will not die!"